Barbra Streisand, Don't Rain On My Parade (Fun

Don't tell me not to live just sit and putter
Life's candy and the sun's a ball of butter
Don't bring around a cloud to rain on my parade
Don't tell me not to fly, I've simply got to
If someone takes a spill, it's me and not you
Who told you you're allowed to rain on my parade?
I'll march my band out, I'll beat my drum
And if I'm fanned out, your turn at bat, sir
Atleast I didn't fake it hat, sir, I guess I didn't make it
But whether I'm the rose of sheer perfection
Or freckle on the nose of life's complexion
The cinder or the shiny apple of its eye
I gotta fly once, I gotta try once
Only can die once, right, sir?
Ooh, love is juicy, juicy, and you see
I gotta have my bite, sir

Get ready for me, love 'cause I'm a 'Comer'
I simply gotta march, my heart's a drummer
Don't bring around a cloud to rain on my parade
I'm gonna live and live now, get what I want, I know how
One roll for the whole she bang, one throw that bell will go clang
Eye on the target and wham, one shot, one gun shot and bam
Hey, Mr. Arnstein, here I am
I'll march my band out, I will beat my drum
And if I'm fanned out, your turn at bat, sir
At least I didn't fake it hat, sir, i guess i didn't make it
Get ready for me, love 'cause I'm a 'Comer'
I simply gotta march, my heart's a drummer
Nobody, no, nobody is gonna rain on my parade